BY **ALEX CHUN** & **JACOB COVEY**

BILL WENZEL

THE PIN-UP ART OF BILL WENZEL

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

edited by
Alex Chun

color & design

Jacob Covey

A special thanks goes out to all those individuals who helped put together this book: Candace Gawler, Dorian Dempsey, Dottie Wright, Dean Yeagle, Michael Casey, Bill Morrison, Fred Seibert, Michael Denham, David Melton, Donald Bain, Shane Glines, Keith Swearingen, my editors Gary Groth and Greg Sadowski, scanner extraordinaire Paul Baresh and the rest of the Fantagraphics Books crew, and last but not least, Bill Wenzel, in whose memory this book is dedicated.

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"Let me take you away from all this...for an hour or so, at least!"

foreword by
Dean Yeagle

"It seems we've been on a wild goose chase, Miss Hanson...it's your teeth."

ZAFTIG. That was the word, although I didn't know it - mere youth that I was in the early '60s – for the females in those cartoons in *Argosy* magazine. A "Man's Magazine" it was, yessiree, and it had in it all the things a wide-eyed kid of 13 or so would be interested in: detective stories, tales of Bigfoot, the Bermuda Triangle, war, disaster...and cartoons, often featuring scantily clad—or often as not, unclad—women in various unlikely situations that, you never know, COULD happen, if only in a parallel universe. It's been quite a while since I saw one of those magazines, but I remember one of those cartoonists very well. His name didn't stick with me, but the images did. The girls. And what they were was *zaftig*. Buxom. Plump, and more or less boneless – they appeared to have been made of ice cream. No, not ice cream, something of similar consistency, but a lot warmer.

The expressions on these *zaftig* girls were usually bland – calm, relaxed, accepting – unfazed by the reactions of the men around them or by the situations in which they found themselves. Half-lidded eyes with a suggestion of ennui, or simply at peace, perhaps, with the insanity of the world. And certainly not worried about their weight.

The men, on the other hand, were often full of expression and purpose, and often confusion. Their purpose was usually obvious, but their expressions were often manic or just plain goofy. While there was the occasional smarmy smile, these guys were no threat to these girls (they were just desperately trying to figure out what to DO with them). The girls, with their disinterested expressions, were driving these gents CRAZY. Thus, they were in charge, even though usually in subservient positions, because they, and they alone, knew what it was all about.

The backgrounds were very simple – a few bits of furniture, a door, a window...whatever was needed to quickly suggest the environment, done in a sketchy fashion. Why spend a lot of time on hard angles when there were all those soft curves to draw?

These were the cartoons of Bill Wenzel, and had I known at the time that he drew for Humorama, I would have sought out those estimable digests, and would have found not only his work, but others I admired as well. I knew by then that I wanted to

be a cartoonist when I grew up – an animator, to be precise. And that's what I did, but there was very little opportunity in animation to draw *zaftig* women. That came much later in my career.

And when it did, and I started doing cartoons for *Playboy* (VERY few articles about Bigfoot, unfortunately), I remembered Bill Wenzel, and one cartoon in particular. For some reason, it popped back into my head with the realization that it was the perfect *Playboy* cartoon...although it hadn't been in *Playboy*. Thus, I could have stolen the idea and submitted it, with no one the wiser...but I can never bring myself to plagiarize a fellow cartoonist. We're all such innocents after all.

But here it is. Now that I've confessed it's not mine, it's okay. It's Bill Wenzel's, and I've recreated it from memory as best I can. Look how very simple it is. A desk and a chair. A degree certificate on the wall to give a sense of place. A doctor and a (*zaftig*) patient. A white medical smock on the doctor, and one of those mirror things (which I suspect are purely mythological) on his head. Nothing whatsoever on the girl, who sits demurely on the uncushioned wooden chair, heedless of splinters. And the simple, one line caption. Cartooning, by its very nature, is a process of simplifying a drawing until it has no more than it needs; so that it hits you instantly, without interference, as an image and a thought at once. And this cartoon – the original Wenzel one, anyway – did that just beautifully. "Elegant" is not too fine a word for this, I think.

Funny, a year or so ago, at a used book sale, I came upon a book of magazine pieces, salted with a number of cartoons. And there it was, not this cartoon, but a version of it – same idea – by another cartoonist of the '50s or '60s. Not nearly as elegantly limned, though. Now, I won't suggest that this cartoonist stole the cartoon from Bill Wenzel, and in fact it may have been done BEFORE the Wenzel one. I've found that cartoonist minds often run in the same groove – not to say "gutter" – and two or three cartoonists getting the same idea is not an unheard-of phenomenon. The point is, Wenzel's version came out better. Simpler, more elegant.

And a hell of a lot more *zaftig*.

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Dean Yeagle has spent most of his cartooning career in animation, and has his own animation/graphics/design company, Caged Beagle Productions, in Westchester County, New York. His cartoons have become a regular feature in *Playboy*, and he has a pin-up gallery site at http://gallery.bellefree.com/dabeagle. His wife Barbara is an artist/musician, and they have a daughter, Becky, married to Nick. Dean was one of three nominees for Gag Cartoonist of the Year by the National Cartoonist Society in 2004. Not the one who won, though.

"NOW CUT THAT OUT! THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS ATROCIOUS SPELLING!!!"

INTRODUCTION by ALEX CHUN

From the 1940s though the 1970s, few pin-up cartoon artists were as prolific or as omnipresent as Bill Wenzel. Virtually every humor and men's magazine – ranging from *Judge* in the mid-'40s to *Sex to Sexty* in the '60s and '70s – boasted two, if not a dozen, of Wenzel's pin-up cartoons. Quick with pen and ink, Wenzel was equally adept with the brush, and nowhere was this more evident than in his work for the Humorama line of girly digests.

The digests, which sported titles like *Gaze*, *Joker*, *Jest*, *Comedy* and *Stare*, were crammed full of marginally risqué single panel pin-up cartoons and B-level cheesecake photos featuring the likes of Bettie Page, Blaze Starr, Elke Sommer and even, on occasion, Sophia Loren. As a long-time contributor to the Humorama digests, Wenzel was part of an elite fraternity of artists that included such heavyweight talents as the incredibly prolific Bill Ward, who by all accounts produced more than 10,000 pin-up cartoon drawings; Jack Cole, who later gained acclaim as *Playboy*'s marquee cartoonist; and Dan DeCarlo, who went on to define the look of Archie Comics' Betty and Veronica.

Though wasp-waisted long-legged women were de rigueur in the digests, and despite his nearly illegible trademark signature, Wenzel nonetheless managed to make a name for himself with his decidedly more Rubenesque renderings of the female form. And whether they were aloof secretaries biding their time waiting for their bosses to ditch their wives or smoldering vixens preparing for a night on the town, Wenzel's women carried their weight well, the better to hold up their ample chests.

In addition to his penchant for voluptuous women, Wenzel was also well regarded for his deft use of ink-wash. While most of his contemporaries were hacking out forgettable images consisting of flat line drawings, Wenzel was turning out eye-popping black and white paintings on pieces of 10- by 15-inch art board. A quick wit made Wenzel a lot of fun at social events, and it also allowed him to write most of his own captions.

It should come as no surprise, therefore, that Wenzel was without a doubt one of Humorama's most popular artists. As prolific as Wenzel was (his output nearly rivaled Ward's), there is surprisingly little written or known about the man or his art. He is, however, survived by two daughters, Candace Jane Gawler and Dorian Leigh Dempsey, who were kind enough to provide some background about their father.

Like most pin-up cartoonists of his era, Wenzel toiled in near anonymity, and rarely strayed from his East Coast roots. He was born William Michael Wenzel on January 22, 1918, in Irvington, New Jersey. His parents were Hungarian immigrants; his father, Michel, was a machinist while his mother, Mitzi (neé Mayer) stayed home to take care of "Willie" and, two years later, his sister, Irene. Wenzel spent a brief time in Cleveland, Ohio, but the bulk of his childhood was spent in Union, New Jersey.

Wenzel's drawing talent began to manifest itself when he was just 11 or 12," Candace recounted. "My grandfather painted a bedroom wall, and my father drew on the wall," she added. "My grandmother wanted to kill him, but my grandfather thought he was so talented that he left the drawings up on the wall."

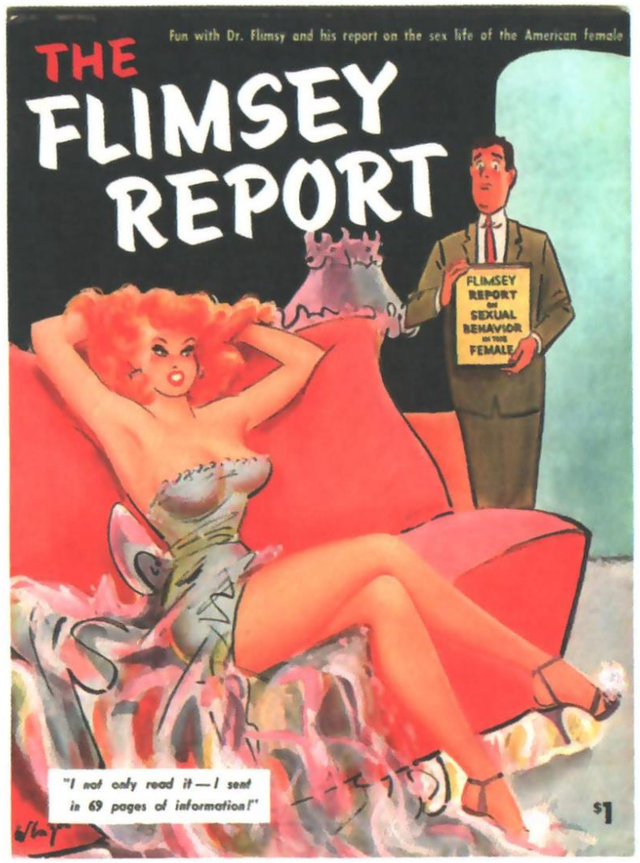
Wenzel attended Union High School, where he played football, basketball (he later grew into a gangly 6'2"), ran track, and was nicknamed "Red" for his flaming coif. As a student he enjoyed art classes, and during his senior year his art teacher encouraged him to apply to New York City's Cooper Union, which was – and still is – noted for its art program and for providing free education to students from working class backgrounds.

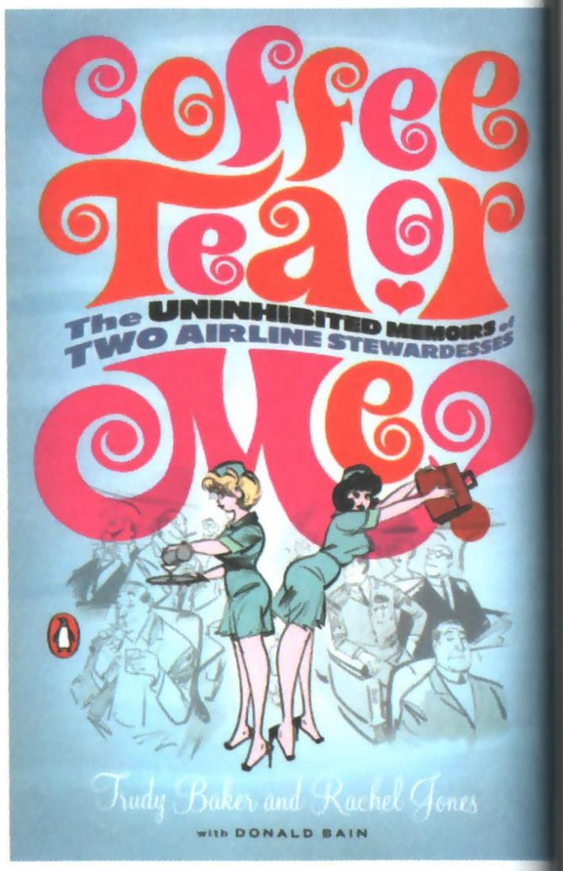
Wenzel received a scholarship and spent two years at the college refining his craft. Then in 1941, he was drafted into the Army and assigned to Camp Shanks in Rockland County, New York, where he served as a staff artist for the camp's weekly newspaper, *The Palisades*. The paper boasted a press run of 5,000 copies, and his cartoons – along with Milton Caniff's strip, *Male Call* – made *The Palisades* very popular throughout the camp. According to Scott E. Webber in his book *Camp Shanks and Shanks Village: A Scrapbook*, Wenzel's originals "were prized for wall displays in various offices all over the camp."

When he wasn't drawing for *The Palisades*, Wenzel was sneaking into an abandoned house he discovered on the post. There he produced pin-up cartoons for a number of civilian publications, including *Army Laughs*.

During his stint in the service, Wenzel also managed to find the time to get married and start a family. On his 24th birthday in 1942, Wenzel wed Marion Moriarty, who also attended Union High School. The marriage resulted in two daughters, Candace, born in 1944, and Dorian, who came into the world 13 years later.

According to a story recounted in Webber's book, the camp chaplain, who was well aware that Wenzel was married, attempted to curb Wenzel's proclivity for drawing what he deemed inappropriately sexy cartoons. However, when the chaplain asked Wenzel what his wife thought about the racy pin-ups, Wenzel solemnly replied, "My wife is my agent."


Fun with Dr. Flimsy and his report on the sex life of the American female
THE FLIMSEY REPORT
FLIMSEY REPORT on SEXUAL BEHAVIOR in the FEMALE
"I not only read it—I sent in 69 pages of information!"
$1

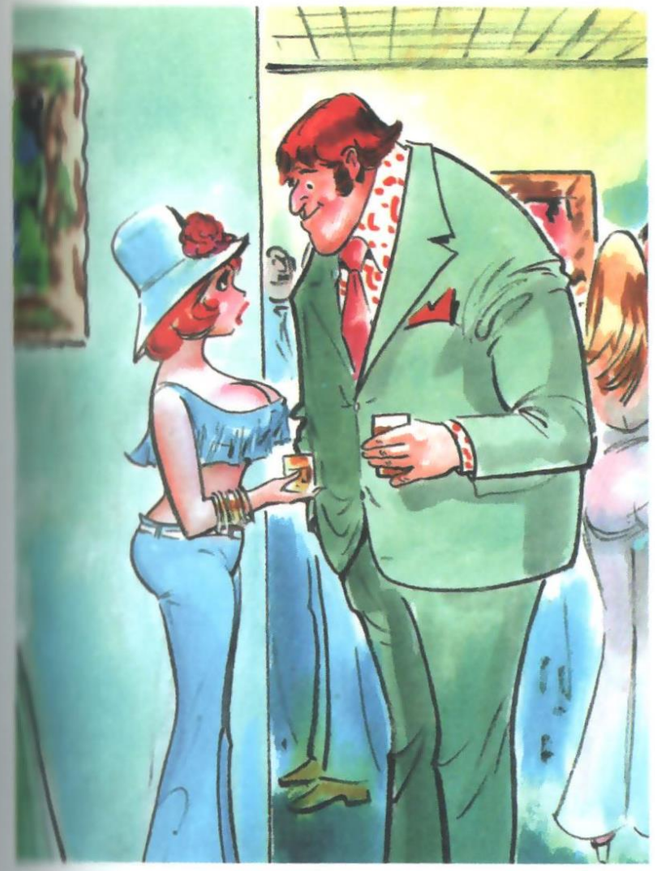


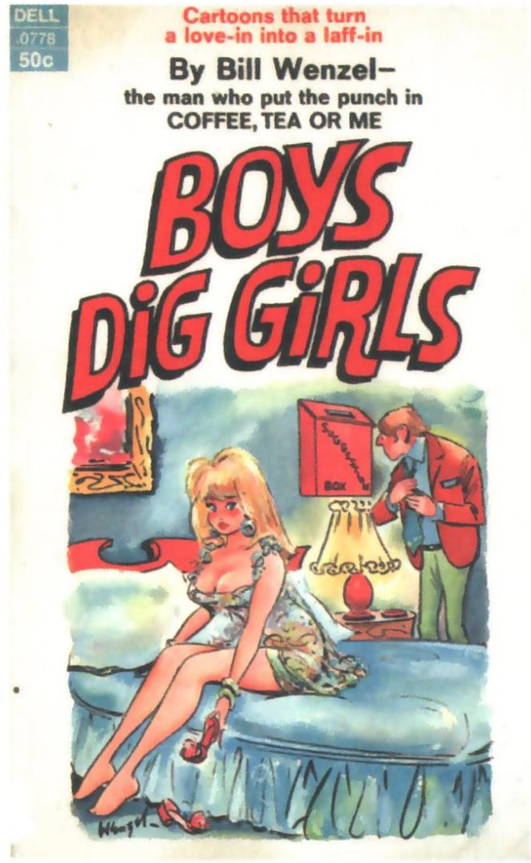
After the War, the Wenzels moved to Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey. Wenzel used to spend his summers there as a lifeguard before he and his aunt bought houses next door to each other. "The houses were right on the water and overlooked New York," Candace said. "My dad paid $3,500 for his house while my aunt's cost $5,000 because it had a heating system."

With his family and housing situation settled, Wenzel got down to the business of drawing. His early efforts, however, were a far cry from his later stylized renderings. Even so, *Judge* magazine (where Jack Cole also got his cartooning feet wet) thought enough of Wenzel's work to run numerous cartoons in each monthly issue, including at least one pin-up spread across two pages.

In the 1950s, Wenzel began to hit his stride artistically, and his women began to morph into his trademark über maidens. "Some say the women in the drawings look like our mother," Dorian noted. "Dad always felt that women should have a little bit of a stomach, big hips and a hiney." This was also around the time when Wenzel's work caught the eye of Abe Goodman – brother of Marvel Comics' Martin Goodman – who at the time was said to be the largest buyer of cartoons in the world.

Goodman ran the line of Humorama digests, which measured just 5.5 by 7.5 inches and were filled with pin-up and gag cartoons. The pay was poor,





as little as $7 per cartoon, but for many, especially those hoping to eventually make a go at magazine cartooning or syndication, the digests proved an irresistible siren call. Among the notables who contributed to the digests were longtime *Mad* artist Davy Berg, and future syndicated cartoonists Bill Hoest (*The Lockhorns*), Brad Anderson (*Marmaduke*) and George Crenshaw (*Belvedere*). For his part, Wenzel was a frequent contributor, with as many as a dozen of his full-page cartoons running in a single digest.

By the late 1960s, though, the publishing landscape began to shift. As relatively tame publications like the Humorama digests were phased out, they were replaced by the likes of *Sex to Sexty*, which featured nothing but topless cartoons with crass captions, and even harder fare. Wenzel quickly adapted to the evolving norms, and his *Sex to Sexty* cartoons proved so popular that they were collected into the 1971 book, *Wenzel's Wenches*.

From an artistic perspective, the more extreme adult fare was a step back as most of the cartoons were rendered as simple line drawings. At the same time, however, Wenzel began producing wonderful watercolor paintings for publications like *Escapade*, a *Playboy* wannabe, and for book covers with titles like *Fly Me*, *If It Moves Kiss It*, *How to Make a Good Airline Stewardess*, and *Coffee, Tea or Me?* The latter, which also included interior illustrations by Wenzel, is his most widely known book work. It was published with great

" YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME IN _. ~~YOU CAN'T SEDUCE ME OUT~~
I know you're anxious to tell me all about Tactical Strike Force Maneuvers! ~~HERE IN THE HALL _.~~ "
R 9 to 3/4 Page 8
36½

fanfare in 1967 and went on to become a national best seller with over 3 million copies sold.

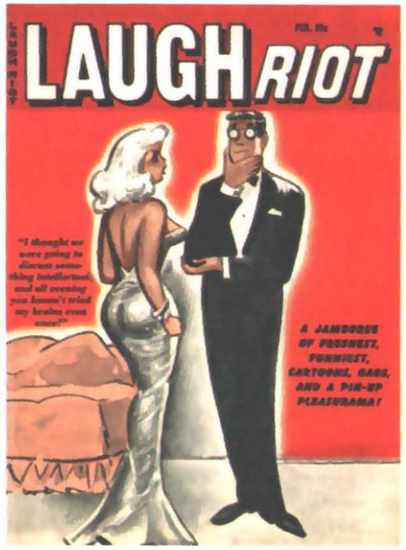
"Bill's illustrations contributed significantly to the book's success," said *Coffee, Tea or Me?* author Donald Bain. "His work perfectly captured the tone of the book and the world it presented to readers. To this day I receive e-mails from fans who rave about the artwork."

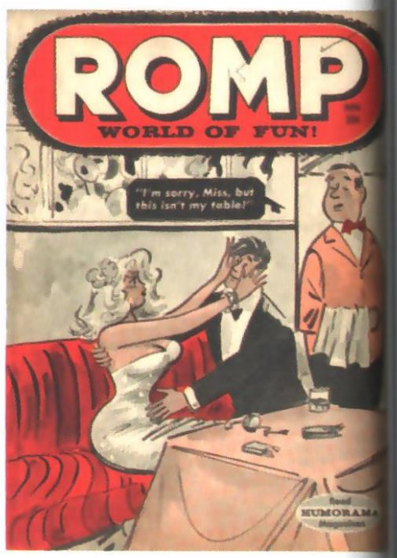
For the 30-plus years he lived in Atlantic Highlands, Wenzel rarely had to leave his house. Most of his work was produced from his home's third floor studio, which measured approximately 12 by 12 feet and faced the street. Like most art studios, Wenzel's came equipped with a drafting table that had a light in the middle, jars for wetting and washing brushes, a file for storing paper and artwork, a big comfortable easy chair, and in his particular case, junk everywhere.

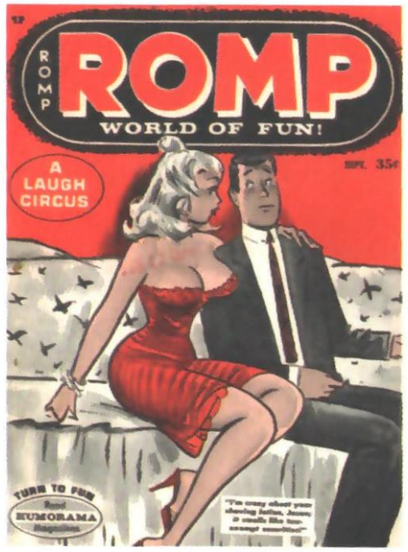
"His studio was a mess," Dorian remembers. "There were papers and cigar ashes all over the place. He sometimes forgot he was smoking a cigar, so most of his sweaters had holes from falling ashes."

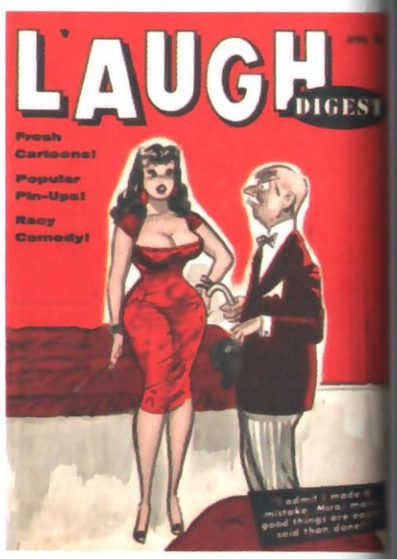
According to Candace, however, the holes in her dad's sweaters weren't the worst of it. "When he dressed, he would put together the worst colors," she laughed. "We often wondered if he wasn't color blind. He'd also put stripes together with plaids [as an avid golfer, he loved golfing pants]; it was terrible. It was always up to my mother, Dori or I to see that he put together his clothes right."

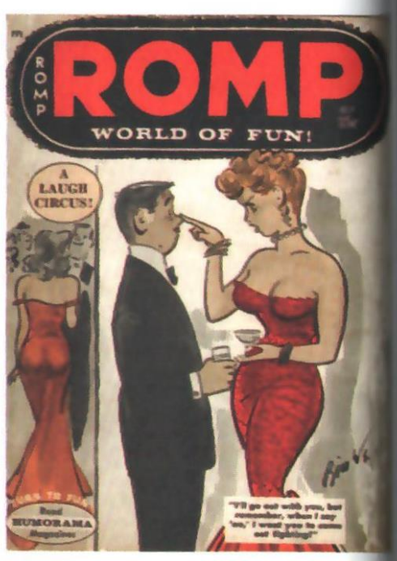
While Wenzel may have been neglectful in regards to his studio and clothing choices, his daughters agree that he was an attentive and doting family man. "He was a wonderful dad, a good grandfather, and my best friend," Dorian said. She added that she frequently accompanied her father on his daily trek to the town's post office where he would deliver packages filled with art. She also saw him off every Wednesday when he caught the 7:30 a.m. bus for New York City where he'd make the rounds to his editors' offices, then have lunch with his artist friends before returning home in the late afternoon.











During the rest of the week, Wenzel got up at the crack of dawn, made himself breakfast then headed up to his studio for a day's work which, said long-time friend Dottie Wright, sometimes included "a quick trip to the golf course and always ended around 4:30 with a martini."

Because Wenzel's income alone was not enough to support his family, Wenzel's wife, Marion, also worked. At one time or another, she was a partner in a maternity dress store, owned a hat store called the Mad Hatter (Wenzel provided the design work for the store's hatboxes and shopping bags) and made wedding veils, a trade she learned from her mother. "Dad was a terrible businessman, and Mom wished that he was more aggressive in his pursuit of fame and fortune," Candace said. "That said, they got along well together."

The Wenzels enjoyed traveling and took two trips to Spain. They were also very social, and counted among their friends Reamer Keller, a noted cartoon pin-up artist in his own right, and his wife Barbara. "We'd go partying together, sailing together, and all the kids, who were around the same age, grew up together," Wright said. "He was also a great bridge player, which I hated."

"Dad liked to make jokes and was very entertaining," Candace added. "He was very quick, very spontaneous. You'd give him a subject, and he'd come back with a one liner and draw pictures about what you were talking about. He'd also draw pictures of people at parties, and at restaurants he would sketch on tablecloths. As teenagers we were dying of embarrassment, but many of the restaurant owners loved it, and many of the people still have the pictures he did for them."

After spending most of his entire adult life in Atlantic Highlands, Wenzel and his wife finally sold their home of more than 30 years in 1979 and moved down to Naples, Florida. Wenzel continued to freelance, but his years of cigar smoking finally caught up with him when he was diagnosed with lung cancer in 1986. When he passed away on May 12, 1987, he left behind his wife, who died less than two years later from natural causes, his two daughters and six grandchildren (a seventh was born a month after his death).

Though it's been 20 years since he passed away, Wenzel remains a standard bearer for a new generation of pin-up cartoonists that includes the likes of *Playboy*'s Dean Yeagle. And with this volume, which features a selection of his sexiest and most sensual ink-wash images, Wenzel takes his rightful place among the top pin-up cartoon artists of his generation.

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As a final note, Wenzel's sexy cartoons made him a popular choice as a cover artist for the Humorama digests. In an effort to increase their newsstand visibility, the cover images were treated to an accent color, usually a shade of green, blue, red or yellow. In keeping with that theme, the images that follow are presented in a similar fashion.

PEPPY PIN-UPS! LIVELY MAN'S GAGS!

MAN SIZE ENTERTAINMENT PH

. . . CLASSICS IN CARTOONS! JOKES!

IZ! PEEK-A-BEAUTS! KICKS! CARTOON SCREAMER

JEsT PROPULSION! CARTOONS & PIN-UPS!

A RACY PAGEANT OF LUSTY ENTERTAINME

FUN ALL THE WAY CARTOONS JOKE

CARTOON JAMBOREE! EVERYBODY'S WELCOME!

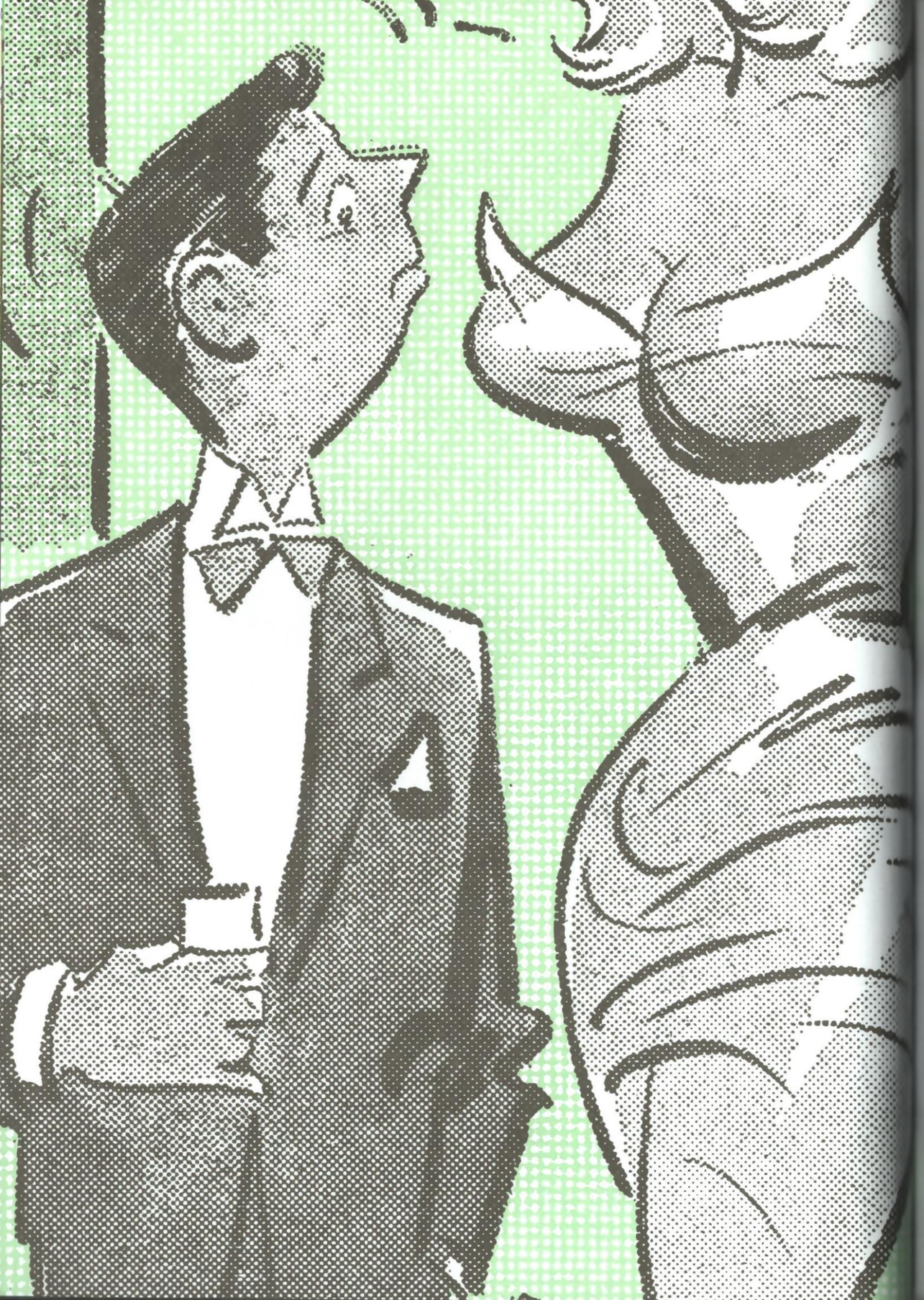
A CORNUCOPIA OF CARTOONS & COME

PLENTY OF FUN! FAST AND LIVELY ENTE

GAGS TAG! CARTOON GEM !

CARTOON PICNIC! MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD!

THE PIN-UP ART OF BILL WENZEL



COMEDY

ESTABLISHED 1941

PLENTY OF FUN!

"I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY FORGETFUL PEOPLE—AS SOON AS THEY GET TO THE DESK, THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO ASK FOR!"

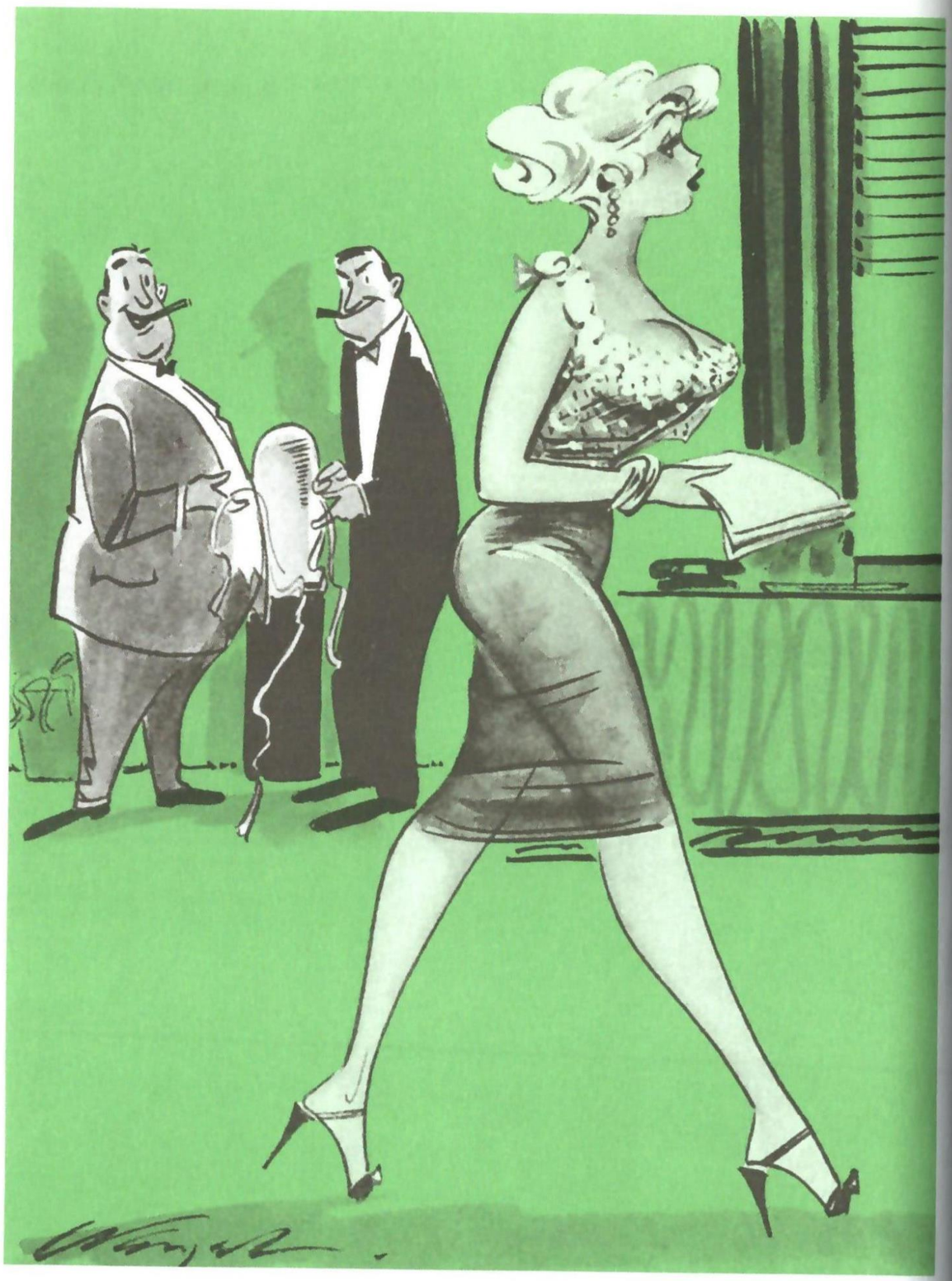
COMEDY is published every other month by Timely Features, Inc., 136 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y. September 1962 issue. Names and descriptions of all characters and places in this magazine are wholly imaginary. Buy your magazine from your newsdealer; he needs the treasure, you need the pleasure! Printed in the U.S.A.

"That's my secretary—she takes a sun bath on the roof during her lunch hour!"

"Never, NEVER, call my wife at home and ask if 'Hot Lips' is there!"

"Well, I didn't know you'd seen the show—is it alright if I take my wife?!"

"Everything I touch usually turns to gold—but you immediately turned to diamonds!"



"Here's good news—American girdle is slowly creeping up!"

"One of those cold water wash 'n' wear dresses!"

"If you have to work late tonight, Dear, ask your secretary to stay and help you!"

"YOUR sales management OFFER APPEARS TEMPTING -- I THINK I SHOULD LIKE TO MAKE A STAB AT IT!--

ANSWER THE CALL OF THE WILD

"That reminds me—I like two olives in my martini!"

"Would you mind waiting in here while I dress?!"

"Didn't they teach you how to hold your lady in dancing school?!"

"Now suppose some husband, instead of just beating you up, shoots you—we have this comprehensive total disability policy!"

"When filling out your dance card, don't forget me—I brought you!"

"Gee, Miss Tweedy—please ask me for some overtime!"

"That's Mr. Tate doing the heavy breathing—the leering man is Mr. Fisby—
the man doing the sighing is Mr. Rogers . . .!"

"I'll have a shrimp cocktail—I don't like tall drinks!"

"Dear, pay more attention to what's on your plate—you know some dishes don't agree with you!"

"Yes, I think I could learn to love you—but do you think you have the time?!"

"With that body, don't you think you need a bodyguard?!"

"Well, you've said 'No' nineteen times now, but I'm figuring on the law of averages!"

"I must keep you under wraps—remember, this is a surprise party!"

"She'll do—in a pinch!"

"I really don't see what pleasure John gets from night clubs—we have three radios, Hi-Fi Stereo and two TV sets at home!"

". . .And now, if you don't mind, Miss—*I'd* like to make a request!"

"If I drink too much, take me straight home—I don't care whose!"

"I can't understand it—I guess all those invitations I sent out this morning for tonight's party got lost in the mail!"

"This is Charlie Weyout, Dear—he plays by ear!"

"With the type of sneeze you have, you shouldn't wear a strapless gown!"

"I suppose I should have guessed his purpose when he said he wasn't himself this evening!"

"If I'm the most beautiful girl in the world like you say, Harvey,
I wonder what I'm doing with you?!"

"Remind me to buy Eddie a thank-you card for the mink coat and new sports car he bought me!"

"You're always running through my dreams, Ginger—frankly, you'll get further in this business if you stop running!"

"You want her in early, Sir? Is that A.M. or P.M.?!"

"While he was walking for gas, I got a ride with another man who ran out of gas!"

"I never saw anyone enjoy the seamy side of life as much as you!"

"One thing about this job—the *salary* is modest!"

"I knew I loved him as soon as I saw his tie was full of caviar stains!"

"Mr. Flodgit tricked me into going out with him—after he had promised to spend the evening in his apartment!"

"Is it true that this play is running longer than your marriage?!"

"I hear you have a date with the electrician tonight!"

PLAZA-2929
PLAZA-2929
PLAZA-2929

"Which shall we try for first—a tan or a man?!"

"I SAID 'CLOSER TO THE WATER' HARRY!!"

"Everyone is staring! I wish you would shave off that beard and get a haircut!"

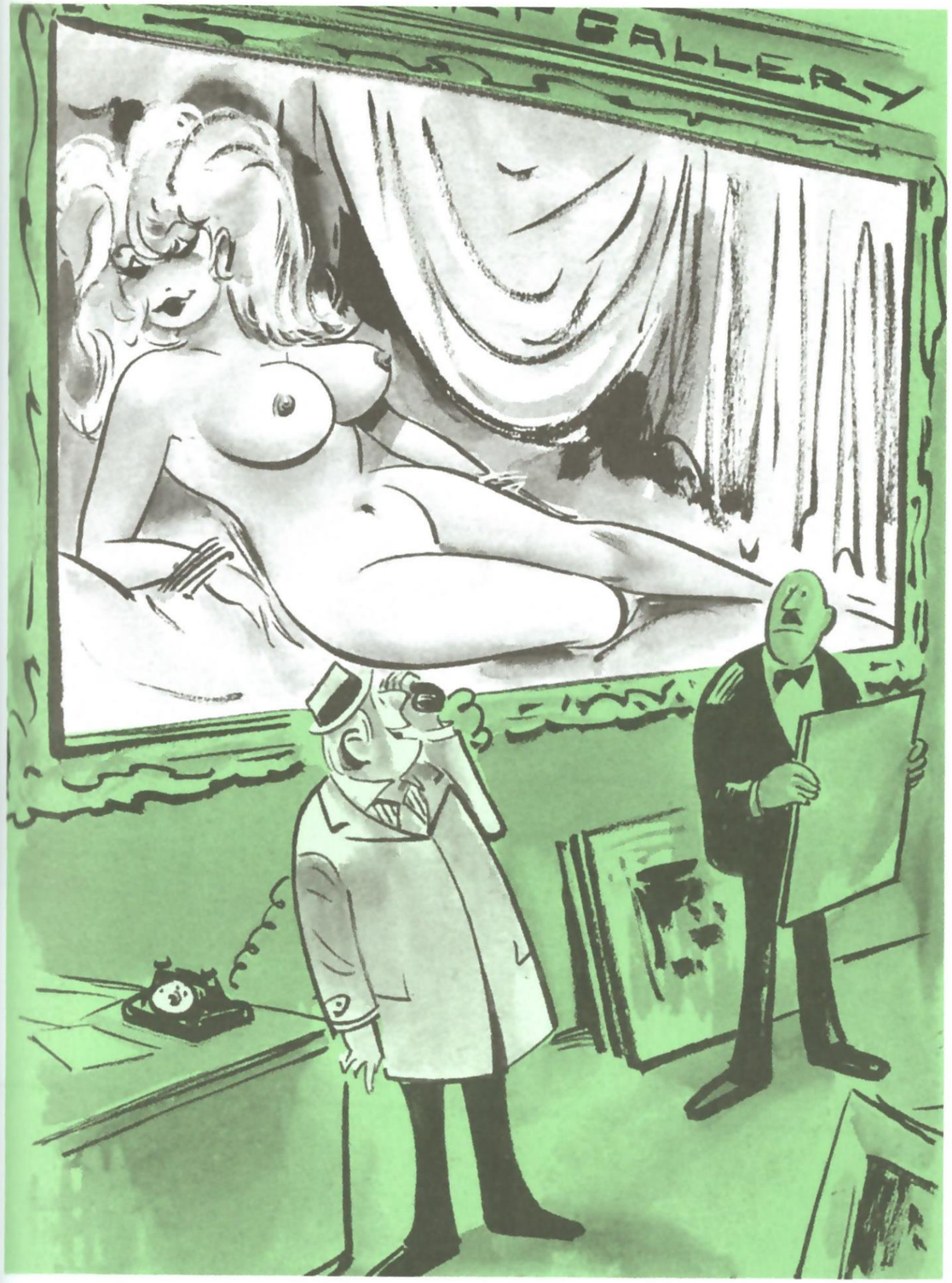
"If there's any doubt in your mind, don't be afraid to use that tape measure!"

"Notice how fast the snow melted from around that park bench?!"

"Okay, but first chase me around a little!"

"Look, George! 'September Morn'!"

"Would you mind putting my phone number on the back? I'd like to meet the man who can afford to buy it!"



"Gladys, about that blank wallspace over the fireplace . . .!"

"But it's in your contract, Joe—not the night before a game!"

"We had steak, salad, potatoes and apple pie, but he's got big eyes!"

"Darn it! I always muff my lines when I get here!"

"That isn't necessary, young lady—all I want is a secretary!"

"I wonder where mother is? She promised she wouldn't leave me out of her sight for a moment!"

"If he's passed out from the excitement of the wedding—what will happen when we honeymoon?!"

"Is it my fault you picked the opening day of trout season for our wedding day?!"

"I've got to remember that recipe!"

"By the way, I'll be at your office stag party, too—
I'm the girl in the cake!"

"My, what a cute dog—where does he live?!"

"Frankly, I don't think it's your ponytail that they're admiring!"

"The balloon develops a slow leak . . .so that it's timed to deflate just as I spring behind the curtain—I hope!"

"Do something—even if you don't understand the command!"

"Isn't this kind of drastic punishment just for walking on the grass?!"

"I don't think this is a very democratic way to settle an election bet!"

"Boy! Things are wide open back in the States, Wilson—girls are wearing see-thru dresses—hot pants—no bras!"

BREEZY

LIVELY CARTOON JAMBOREE!

"You know something, Fotsby?—I don't think they are going to do away with us—they'll just kill us!"

"Please, Lady! Wait inside or I'll get a suit I can't pay for!"

"She wants to know that if good models make $20 a day, how much do bad ones make?!"

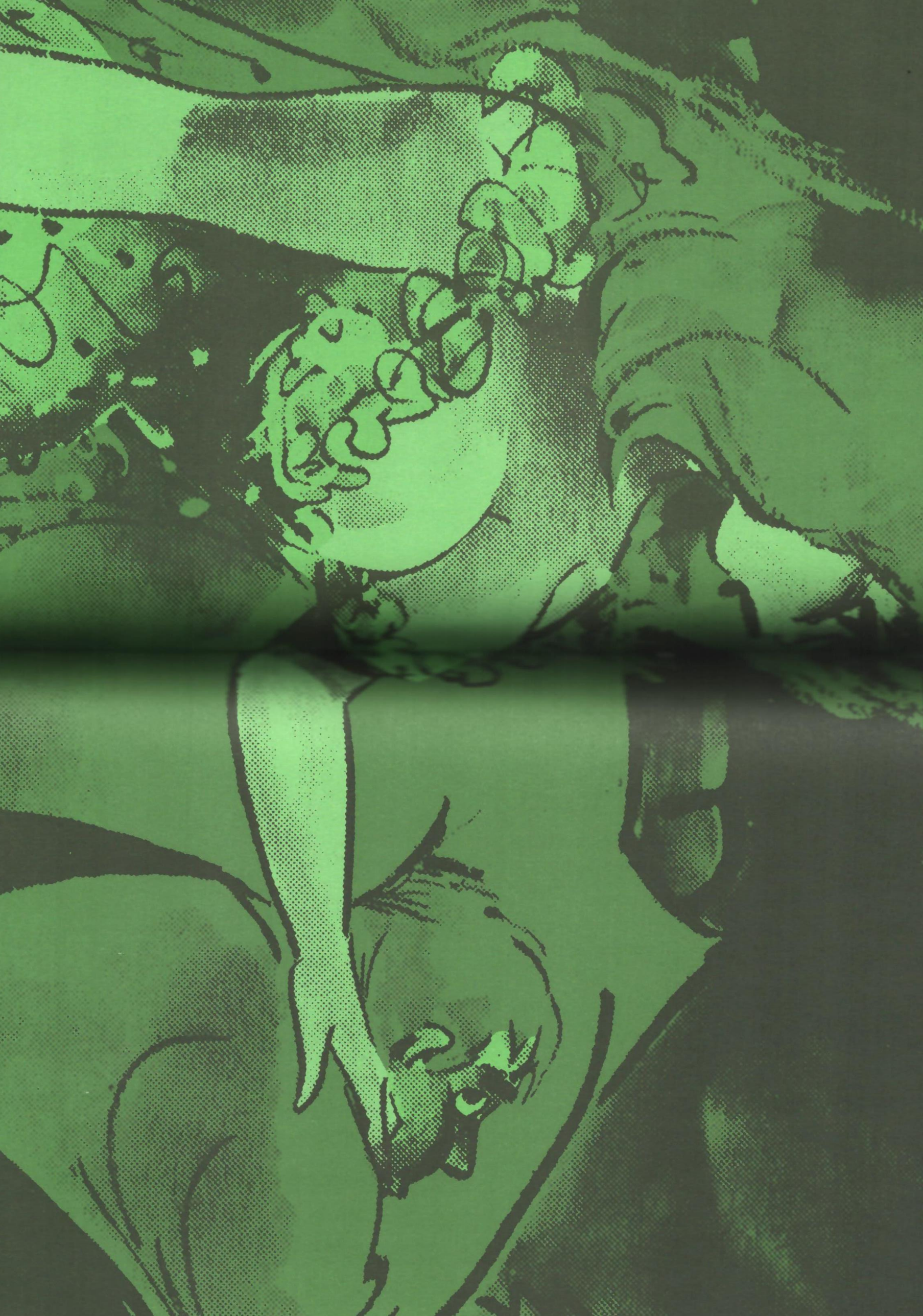
"You'll have to start on the bottom, of course!"

"100 A PACK... $100 IF YOU PICK THEM UP AT MY PLACE AFTER 2 ~~P.M.~~ A.M."

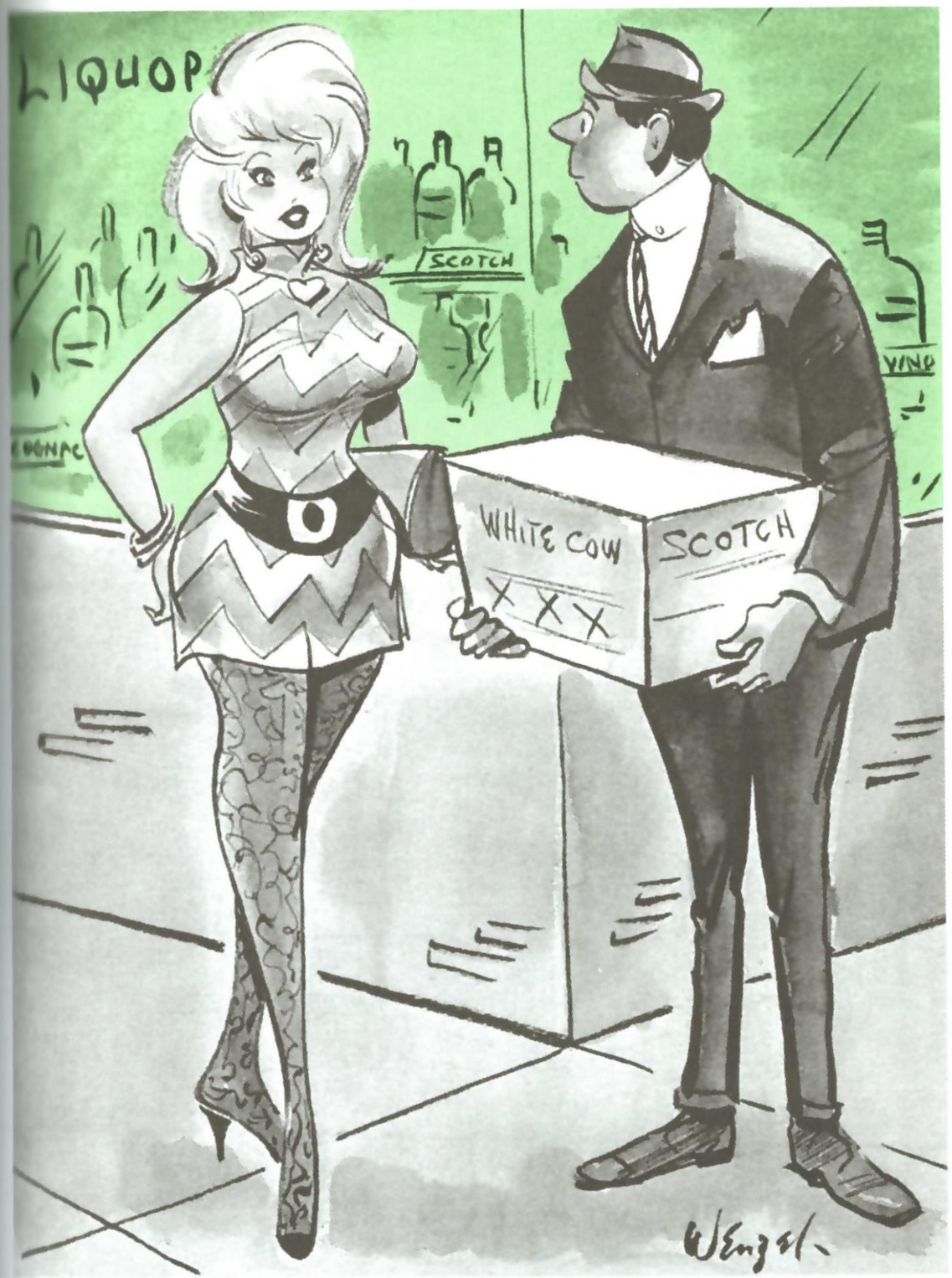
"I always see you about the streets at night, Miss—don't you have a hobby?!"

"Would you mind taking me out to dinner tonight, Harry?
Wake me when you come in!"

"It's amazing how many of my friends are named 'John Smith'!"



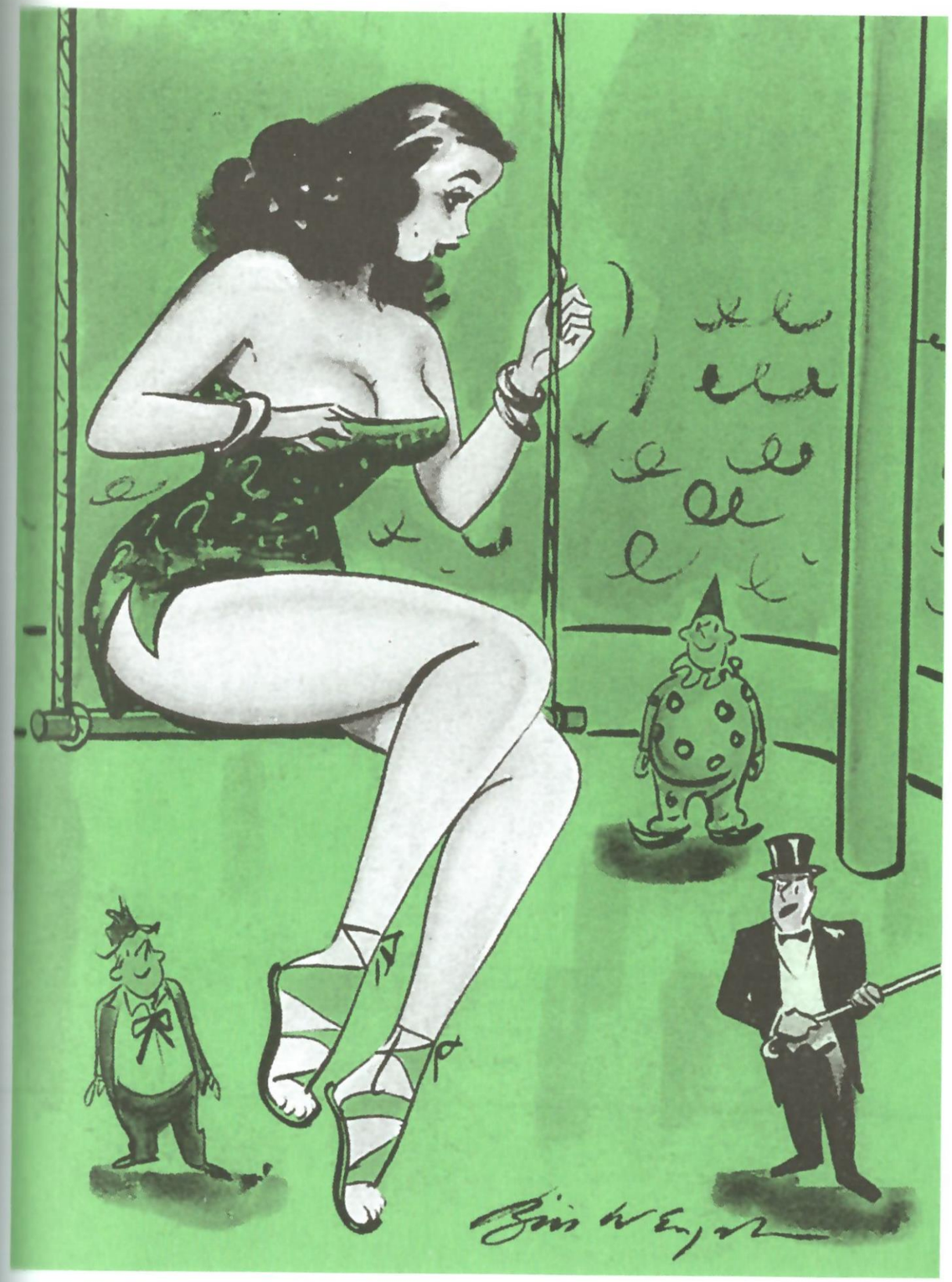
"The man I dropped my hanky in front of turned out to be a psychiatrist—
so tonight he's going to analyze me free of charge!"



"How are you fixed for a good mixer?!"

"Take a figure, Miss Letter!"

"Thank you, Captain—I see you haven't overlooked anything!"



"When you're hanging by your toes, just hang on for a few minutes longer!"

"$75 a day! That's ridiculous—but such beautiful furnishings!"

"It's worth a try, Emily—look what it's done for her figure!"

"In this age of specialization, I'd like you to meet Denise—she specializes in short, well-stocked men!"

"Easy, Fenly—you still have obligations to pay off with the last hat-check girl!"

"We can't be responsible for any valuables, unless you check them with the manager!"

"Here's one from my wife—'Get rid of your secretary!'"

"Alright, Mr. Vatote—you can come in now—I'm ready for any man or beast!"

"Mr. Chavale asked me when I'm going to lower the tariff!"

"'Get a hobby,' the doctor told my husband—so he takes up girl-watching!"

"I like everything about this room—especially that picture window!"

"I don't know why you're doing all those exercises—all you have to do is improve your mind!"

"I've got his interest—now he's going after my principles!"

MISS GEEWHIZ
BILL WENZEL
THINK
THINK
POOT & SON
WHY ARE YOU TAKING DOWN THAT 'THINK' SIGN, MISS GEEWHIZ?
THINK
BECAUSE YOUR SON HAS BEEN STARING AND WINKING AT ME ALL DAY AND I DON'T THINK IT'S 'BUSINESS'
HE'S THINKING ABOUT!!
THINK

"How much gin will I need for an 8-ounce bottle of olives?!"

"So then I said to myself—why not a female valet?!"

"You'll find plenty of opportunities here, Baxter—and the job isn't bad, either!"

"Be careful you don't spill over, Miss!"

"It's not that you're different from the rest—just more relaxing!"

"Next time you break our date, Hazel, keep your shades down when you're staying at home!"

"What do you mean 'like the one he bought my daughter'?
. . .we don't have a daughter!"

"Would you like a picture to remember your bankroll by, Sir?!"

"Why don't you come up to my suite?!"

"This is the first time I've been married, so don't expect any miracles!"

"Well, if she can cook, I'll eat my hat!"

"You can tell your mother she needn't worry about you not knowing how to cook—there's no need to rush everything at once!"

"GEE, THANKS.. BUT I THINK MY WIFE WOULD PREFER THAT YOU GIVE ME A CASH BONUS FOR LANDING THE YATES ACCOUNT.."

"He pleaded his case well, but fortunately I got an out-of-bed settlement!"

"Let's have breakfast together—shall I wake you or nudge you?"

"If I buy you a drink, will you promise to return the compliment?!"

"Sis sure knew what she was doing when she sent me this horsehoe for luck!"

"She did her apartment with Early American Millionaires!"

"IT'S TRUE THAT THE WOMEN OUTNUMBER THE MEN TWO TO ONE, BUT THAT STATISTIC DOESN'T MAKE IT LEGAL FOR YOU TO MARRY TWO WOMEN!"

"That's the hotline to the doorman—he calls when my husband is on the way up!"

"I wish my business was in as good of a shape as you are, Dear!"

"How about meeting me for lunch tomorrow—I'd like to see what you look like in daylight!"

"You really know how to hurt a guy, don't you? Now I'm not in the mood for bowling!"

"He never forgets he's in show business—he wants three performances every day!"

"So we thought just a small house in the suburbs—when you think of all those men left alone while their wives go to bridge parties, auctions, charity drives . . .!"

"Hmmm . . .with a neighbor like that, I'm sure I can get you an extra $2,000!"

"I know what I want, but I guess I'll have a cup of coffee instead!"

"According to this bankruptcy judgement, I have been named to receive all of your assets!"

"Since there's no one to introduce us, just show her my calling card—that should do the trick!"

"I don't expect to wear much once we get to the hot climate!"

"It's a good thing they don't change their styles as often as they change their government!"

"After all, neither of us can take what we have with us!"

"It isn't fair—he's got muscles and youth . . .all I have is five million dollars!"

"Definitely it was my fault—you were not looking where I was going!"

"Do me a favor, Robert—stop saying it with flowers!"

"I admit peeking over her shoulder, but honestly, Sir—I didn't see a thing on her paper!"

"Don't be embarrassed—these nice people are here to look at the house, Miss Pelly!"

"Maybe it's the shark repellent you're wearing!"

"Remember—get a good supply of food, and I'll protect our fort until you return!"

"I feel silly saying this—but you're in poor shape!"

"I never get that kind of attention when I have the hiccups!"

"There's a perfect example of wasted manpower!"

ALEX CHUN began writing about comic books two decades ago as a columnist for *Amazing Heroes*. A former staff writer for the *Los Angeles Daily Journal*, his writing credits also include *Marvel Age*, *Wizard*, *The Comics Journal* and *Comic Art Magazine*. He also edited *The Glamour Girls of Bill Ward*, *The Classic Pin-Up Art of Jack Cole* and *The Pin-Up Art of Dan DeCarlo* for Fantagraphics Books, and his next project, a book featuring Don Flowers' syndicated cartoon, *Glamor Girls*, is scheduled for release in November 2005. In his spare time, he practices law in Los Angeles, collects original cartoon pin-up art and maintains the website www.pinupcartoongallery.com

JACOB COVEY is a Seattle-based graphic designer and purveyor of limited-color design, working primarily in the fields of pop culture. His work has appeared in anthologies and his poster designs were featured in the touring exhibit "Paper, Scissors, Rock! 25 Years of Punk Poster Art," which is also in the permanent collection of the Experience Music Project. This is the second book he has collaborated on with Alex Chun, following the success of *The Pin-Up Art of Dan DeCarlo*.

WE ARE NOT SUGGESTING HOW YOU
SHOULD LIVE YOUR LIFE...WE WANT YOU
TO ENJOY IT AS MUCH AS YOU CAN!

THE PIN-UP ART OF

FROM THE 1940S TO THE 1970S, NO PIN-UP CARTOON ARTIST WAS AS PROLIFIC or as omnipresent as Bill Wenzel. Virtually every humor and men's magazine boasted two – if not a dozen – of Wenzel's pin-up cartoons. As a long-time contributor to the now-classic Humorama digests, Wenzel was part of an artistic fraternity that included the likes of Bill Ward, *Playboy*'s Jack Cole and *Archie*'s Dan DeCarlo. Though wasp-waisted long-legged women were de rigueur in the digests, Wenzel set himself apart from the rest of the best with his decidedly more Rubenesque rendering of the female form. And whether they were aloof secretaries biding their time waiting for their bosses to ditch their wives or smoldering vixens preparing for a night on the town, Wenzel's women carried their weight well, the better to hold up their ample chests.

Along with a foreword by *Playboy* cartoonist Dean Yeagle and following the wildly popular *The Pin-Up Art of Dan DeCarlo*, this latest volume in the Fantagraphics Books pin-up series showcases Wenzel at his best, featuring his sexiest and most sensual images.

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